THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

" To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
" To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

THE FAIR PENITENT.

(In continuation.)

AT these dreadful words, and seeing Adelmar take the sword that was offered to him, the unhappy Valerie uttered the most lamentable cries; but terror stifling her voice, she lost the power of articulating the faintest sound, and remained motionless, with a countenance expressive of the utmost wildness and terror, while the livid paleness of death was spread over all her features. The esquires and pages, who had rested their lighted torches on the stand, drew back, and took their stations in the corners of the room, where they were to remain spectators of the combat.

Adelmar, before he entered the fatal circle, traced by Beaumanoir, rushed towards Valerie with an intention to deliver her; but was held and prevented, as before, by the attendants of Beaumanoir, and by the latter himself, who called upon him to defend himself—'Barbarian,' exclaimed Adelmar, 'she is innocent; release her, that she may quit this place; she is innocent.—'Defend thyself,' repeated Beaumanoir, drawing him into the circle, and attacking him as soon as he was within it. Adelmar parried the thrust; and the combat commenced with equal fury on both sides. Valerie endeavoured, but in vain, to break her bonds: she had nearly sunk into that lethargic state in which sensibility and recollection are preserved without the power of speech or motion. She found herself in front of the combatants, and opposite three large mirrors, which multiplied to her eyes this dreadful scene. Death and revenge surrounded her: she shut her eyes, but opened them again every moment by an involuntary motion, the effect of surprise and fear. Every step taken by these terrible antagonists, each pass they made, resounded through the vaulted chamber. The shaking of the floor occasioned the fall of some of the furniture. In one of these violent shocks, one of the bronze stands was overturned with a tremendous noise; and the lighted torch which it supported, fell between the combatants, who, kicking it from them, made it roll under the bed, the curtains of which, caught fire. Adelmar uttered a piercing shriek on seeing the flames envelop Valerie; but the fire was soon extinguished by the attendants of Beaumanoir. Adelmar, in the midst of this confusion, broke his sword against the fallen stand as he ran towards Valerie. Beaumanoir, who, notwithstanding the tumult, continued immoveable in his place, ordered that his adversary should be furnished with another sword; and then rushed upon him with the fury of an enraged tiger.

While they thus employed against each other every means and resource that address, strength, courage, and the thirst of revenge, could supply, a dove, which had been kept and fondled by Valerie, began to flutter about, and, dashing itself against the furniture, flew up to the roof. This timid bird, the symbol of gentleness and tenderness, hovered, cooing, over the heads of the exasperated combatants, as if lamenting the murderous deeds they meant to perpetrate. It next sought refuge in the palpitating bosom of its mistress; but receiving no caresses, perhaps not being perceived, it resumed its uncertain flight, passed between the contending chevaliers, and, struck and wounded by their desperate weapons, dropped in a corner of the chamber. The furious rivals still attacking each other with undiminished animosity, Beaumanoir received a thrust in the side, which made a large wound. Valerie, when she saw the blood of her husband flow, recovered her speech.—'Stop, Adelmar!' exclaimed she, with a faultering voice—'Stop!' She could utter no more, but fainted. Adelmar, that he might obey her, drew back a few paces without the enclosure, lowering the point of his sword.—'You have passed the limits prescribed,' said Beaumanoir; 'no one can believe it was to spare me; cowardice only could cause you to draw back.'

At these insulting words, Adelmar rushed impetuously upon Beaumanoir, and at that moment the clock struck one. 'Listen!' exclaimed Beaumanoir; 'thy last hour is come.' As he uttered these words, he renewed the attack with redoubled vigour: he pressed on his antagonist, fatigued, and overpowered him. Adelmar pushed to the very extremity of the boundary which honour forbade him to pass, stopped in a disadvantageous position. At this critical moment, one single step backwards would have saved his life; but he remained motionless. Beaumanoir plunged his sword into his breast: it pierced his heart, and the wretched Adelmar fell dead at his feet. Beaumanoir then drawing the bloody sword from the breast of his antagonist, dipped it in the blood that flowed from his wound; and approaching the wall

that fronted the bed, with the point of his murderous steel, traced in large characters on the white wainscot, these horrible words—"*Thou shalt pass with thy lover the night which thou appointedst.*—The barbarian then unbound his victim, in order to deliver her up to new torments. She was insensible. He laid her on her bed. The flambeaux were all extinguished, and only a single night-lamp left burning, which he placed near the bleeding body of Adelmar, that lay extended on the floor. After these unprecedented acts of the most atrocious cruelty, Beaumanoir, followed by his attendants, left the chamber, after having double-locked the door, of which he carried away the key.

Valerie did not recover from the insensibility into which she had sunk, till half an hour had elapsed, and then she fancied that she still heard the fearful clashing of swords, and the threatening noise of the combatants, stamping with their feet with equal force and fury. But soon finding she was alone, she was terrified at this desertion, and the silence appeared to her dreadful. As her ideas gradually became more clear and just—'Gracious Heaven!' exclaimed she, what is become of them? Who has released me from my bonds?'—She shuddered as she pronounced these words: she suspected that Beaumanoir no longer lived. Exhausted with fatigue, and overwhelmed with terror, she fluctuated between the desire of calling her women, and the deadly fear of learning with certainty the mournful event; for she could entertain no doubt that it had been a terrible one. After hesitating for some time, she stretched out her hand to ring; but she only caught hold of a tatter of the burnt curtain, which remained in her hand. She retained only a confused recollection of the incident of the fire; and it occurred to her remembrance at this moment only, as an attempt against her life—'It was his wish, then,' said she, 'that I should perish in the flames! Ah! let me fly this horrible dwelling!'—Saying thus, she raised herself with difficulty. She turned, and, feeling faint and weary, remained sitting on the bed. Her eyes then fixed upon the pannel. She trembled on beholding the bloody characters. She read them not; but she recognised the barbarous hand of vengeance.—'Oh,' said she, 'he still lives! Unfortunate Adelmar!' As she thus exclaimed, she cast down her eyes, overflowing with tears: her hair stood erect. She beheld, ten paces from her, the corpse of Adelmar, bathed in a stream of blood. Transfixed, petrified, it seemed as if an arm of iron held her immoveable in her place; as if some formidable and most powerful enemy overwhelmed her with invincible strength, to fix her until death in this scene of desolation and horror. Yet still she retained the sense of seeing, and the faculty of thought; she breathed—she existed perfectly. She might be compared to those unfortunate beings who are delivered over to the utmost rigour of corporeal punishment, and whom the very excess of torture prevents from losing their sensation and recollection. After many moments had elapsed in this unutterable anguish, she at length made a prodigious effort to escape. She rose—she tried to walk—she staggered—and uttered a fearful shriek on seeing blood every where under her feet. She must tread on it, or could not reach the door. Her strength failed her—she slipped, and fell on the floor, between the body of Adelmar and the night lamp, which was extinguished by her fall. Amidst the profound darkness which instantly succeeded, she felt a moisture on her thin muslin robe.—'Just Heaven!' exclaimed she, 'I am bathed in his blood! What can protract my wretched life!—what prevent me from dying!' Until this moment, terror had stifled in her a portion of her sensibility; but bathed in the blood of him whom she loved, the blood she had been the cause of spilling, grief in its turn annihilated even terror. Nothing inspires courage like extreme despair. We are capable of braving any thing when so wretched as really to wish for death, or when we believe it near at hand and inevitable.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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That exalted talents have too frequently met with an undeserved fate, is a position which cannot be denied; but that this has been less owing to want of feeling or compassion in mankind, than to the follies and indiscretions of superior genius, is a position which I deem equally true. It has been customary with writers, and those of no ordinary rank, to represent mankind in the darkest and most unfavourable colours; the effusions of spleen, and the chagrin of disappointment, have contributed to fix a stigma on the human character, which cannot easily be effaced. The envious and illiberal, have uniformly studied to represent mankind as inimical to genius, and hostile to intellectual greatness. They have most preposterously concluded, that because a few men of extraordinary endowments have been treated with contumely by the world, that all are void of feeling. But it should be recollected, that where we find a few men of uncommon genius despised and neglected, we find many rewarded and patronized; and that where we observe some dying in indigence and obscurity, we behold others living in the utmost affluence and splendour.

In turning our eyes to the various countries of Europe, which have distinguished themselves for their science and literature, we shall discover those of its inhabitants who have been eminently conspicuous in the walks of polite literature, to have been generally easy, if not independent, in their circumstances. Italy, the early seat of the muses, and the reviver of modern learning, will ever be illustrious for the encouragement which she has afforded to men of talents. The

age of Leo X. will also be remarkable in the annals of literature. The patronage which this great man bestowed on men of genius and learning, will always excite towards him in the breast of the scholar, sentiments of respect and gratitude. It was under his secular administration that the illustrious painters, Raphael and Titian, flourished. The former of these lived in the most magnificent manner; admired and envied by his contemporaries, and caressed and courted by the various princes of Europe. The latter, though not so rich, was equally flattered by the attentions of the great. The elegant Petrarch, the spirited Dante, and the nervous Ariosto, also spent their days in affluence and splendour. Spain, when she became mistress of the western world, was scarcely less illustrious for her arms than for her learning. The names of Cervantes, and Lopez De Vega, will long continue to reflect the brightest honor on Spanish literature. Nothwithstanding the extraordinary wit and genius of Cervantes, we, however, observe most of his days were spent in want and penury; and his life a continued scene of trouble and vexation. Now and then, indeed, we observe a faint gleam of light breaking through the cloud of general darkness; but no sooner does it flash on the sight, than it again vanishes forever. The unfortunate Cervantes, at one period of his existence, was precipitated from the highest pinacle of fortune, to the lowes abyss of wretchedness. But to attribute his misery and misfortunes to the ingratitude or insensibility of his countrymen, is neither charitable nor true. The patronage which was afforded to him by the Count de Lemos, and the archbishop of Toledo, together with the emoluments of his Don Quixotte, were sufficient to support him in a style of independence; but his boundless generosity, his ardent love of pleasure, and utter contempt of œconomy, were continually plunging him in every species of difficulty and distress. In examining the lives of those men of genius who have been treated with neglect and contempt by the world, we almost uniformly find them to have been the authors of their own misfortunes. They who are acquainted with the biographies of Otway, Savage, and Dermody, will, we think, be inclined to subscribe to our opinion. We know that it was not the want of a disposition in mankind to reward the merits of Otway, that caused his indigence, but his own neglect of œconomy; his dissipation and libertinism. When we, for a moment, call to mind the genius of this extraordinary man, and reflect upon his many misfortunes, we cannot refrain from dropping a tear of pity over his departed memory. In gratitude for the pleasure which we have received from his writings, and in our admiration and love for the poet, we would willingly draw a veil over the faults of the man. The momentous life of Savage presents to us a picture not less dark and clouded. The sufferings of this child of genius were almost incrediable. His misfortunes commenced with his birth, and terminated only with his existence. But notwithstanding his wretchedness and penury, we frequently, however, observe the liberal hand of patronage stretched out to relieve him; but as frequently do we behold his dissipation and extravagance exhausting the bounty of his patrons. The Irish poet, Dermody, was also remarkable for his want of œconomy, and attachment to low and guilty pleasures. Among the few poets who have spent their days in misery and want, Butler, Otway, Savage, and Dermody stand most conspicuous; but among the much greater number of those who have lived in affluence, courted by the great, and rewarded by the liberal, we are proud, for the honour of human nature, to mention the names of Gower, Chaucer, Quevedo Petrarch, Boccacio, Corneille, Shakespeare, Waller, and Pope. From the accession of the house of Hanover to the British throne, to the present time, the encouragement which England has afforded to learned men, has been great and unprecedented. During this period, we have observed Addison, and Swift, enjoying the first offices of state; Congreve, and Gay, living luxuriously upon the productions of their genius; Hume, and Beattie, pensioned by the crown; and Hogarth, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, accumulating vast fortunes by the labours of their pencils. Samuel Johnson, the collossus of English literature, has often been cited as an instance of the neglect of superior genius. The early part of Johnson's life was, indeed, spent in poverty and obscurity; but it should be remembered, that before the age of thirty, his writings were little familiar with the public; and that his wonderful talents were scarcely known to any, except his book seller. But when the gigantic powers of Johnson broke forth in his Rambler and Dictionary, he received the countenance of his sovereign, who bestowed on him a liberal pension; a just and honorable tribute to his talents. We deem it useless further to multiply examples. Those already adduced, we think sufficient to prove, that genius and talents have not so frequently been subject to indigence and want, as have been *usually* represented; and that when these have befallen men of superior endowments, it has generally been owing to their own imprudence and folly, and not to the want of feeling or generosity in mankind.

DORMER.

Two gentlemen at Bath having a difference, the one went to the other's door early in the morning, and wrote 'Scoundrel' upon it. The other called upon his neighbour, and was answered by a servant, that his master was not at home, but that if he had any thing to say, he might leave it with him. "No, no," says he, "I was only going to repay your master a civil visit, as he *left his name* at my door in the morning."

A BUFFOON at the court of Francis I. complained to the king, that a great lord threatened to murder him for uttering some jokes about him. 'If he does,' said Francis, 'he shall be hanged in five minutes after.' 'I wish your Majesty would hang him five minutes *before*.'

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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A FRAGMENT.

——THE heavens were dark and angry; the clouds gathered blackness, and threatened the earth with destruction! The driving snow shews its white head thro' every cranny, and the firm oak sweeps the dust, bent by the raging whirlwind! —So stands the Christian! borne down, yet not broken by the frowns of the world, his firm soul unshaken by the pressure of misfortune, he rests upon that rock which promises support, and his hope is in Heaven!—

The storm rages! The mother presses her infant more closely to her bosom, while the father soothes her by his tender love.—The voice of the Almighty is heard in the tempest, riding on the dark waves, now swelling almost to the clouds! What a scene is here!—Not one bark on that sea which but yesterday was as smooth as the wide expanse of Heaven! The proud waves defied the skill of the mariner, and swallowed him in its awful bosom!—So change the scenes of man! To-day, in his prosperity, he forgets that he is a worm,—to-morrow he is in the dust!—How dreadful must have been the first storm which agitated the earth!—that storm which was awakened by Almighty vengeance at the fall of man!

Where is that poor maniac who weeps all night at the grave of Ellen?—Lo! see him there, kneeling before that mound of snow! he thinks it the pure spirit of his love, and heeds not the driving tempest.—His hair hangs like icicles, upon his shoulders, and his thread-bare garments defend not his emaciated form! Poor wanderer! thy reason fled with thy Ellen to Heaven, and soon must thy soul of sensibility be joined to hers!—I went to him, but he heeded me not, though we had been friends in our youth.—I laid his head upon my bosom—it sunk there, and was never raised again—his spirit had fled to Heaven!—I wiped away my tears, and wrote down—HUMAN MISERY!

MALVINA.

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

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TO MARIA, WITH A RING.

Go, little ring, enchanter be,
And if Maria's heart is free,
Oh bind her gentle heart to me,
And I will bless thee!

And if upon her finger plac'd,
Forever there, forever grac'd,
Let not Malvina be effac'd,
And I will bless thee!

Go, point her wisdom's sacred way,
And from her paths ne'er let her stray,
And make her innocent and gay,
And I will bless thee!

When all the charms of gay parade,
And e'en Maria's self shall fade,
Bid Virtue still admire her shade,
And I will bless thee!

Take, little ring, my warmest prayer,
Let not Maria know a care,
Then humbly ask her thee to wear,
And I will bless thee!

MALVINA.

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Copy of a letter from

A YOUNG LADY, TO HER SEDUCER.

THE various passions that agitated my distracted soul, have subsided, and I am now calm. I am alone, and in no danger of interruption. The insignificants that fluttered around me are fled; and their departure gives me no uneasiness. I am at leisure to consider what I have been, and what I am—admired, applauded, courted—avoided, despised, pitied. However, when I take a view of my own heart, the prospect is less gloomy. I have been incautious, but not abandoned: indiscreet, but not vicious: faulty, but not depraved. If *female virtue* consists, as I have sometimes been told, in *female reputation*, my virtue is indeed gone: but if, as my sober reason teaches, virtue be independent of human opinion, I feel myself its ardent votary, and my heart is pregnant with its noblest principles. The children of ignorance cannot, and the children of malevolence will not, comprehend this: but I court not their approbation, nor fear their censure. My heart, it must be owned, was formed of sensibility—formed for all the luxury of the melting passions: but it is equally true, that the severest delicacy had ever a place there: the groves of —— can witness, that whenever the *loves* presided, the *graces* were not absent;—that in the very delirium of pleasure, the rapture was chastened, and the transport restrained. My understanding was never mad procurer to my fonder wishes, nor did I ever call in the aid of a wretched, sceptical and impious philosophy, to countenance my unhappy fall. Though nature was my goddess and my law-giver, I never dreamed of appealing from the decisions of positive institutions: my principles were uncorrupted, while my heart was warm; and, if I fell as a woman, yet you know, at the same time, that I fell like *Cæsar*, with decent dignity. I write not to justify myself to you; you deserve not—you desire not any such justification: but while I lay open my heart, I desire you would examine *your own*.—The hour of reflection seldom comes too soon; and what must your sensations be, when you recollect that you have violated all laws, divine and human; broken through every principle of virtue, and every tie of humanity: that you have offered an insult to the kind genius of hospitality, the benevolent spirit of good-neighbourhood, and the sacred powers of friendship.—I mean not to reproach you, but suffer me to ask—was it not sufficient that you added my name to the list of your infamous triumphs? (for infamous they are, in spite of sophistry, gaiety, and the mode) that you had ranked me among the daughters of wretchedness and ignominy? deprived me of my father, my all of comfort, and my all of hope? Were not these things, I say, sufficient, without adding to them the meanness and the

baseness of publicly speaking of me in the streets, in language that a gentleman would not have used to the vilest wanton that ever breathed. Weak, unhappy man! I am not ashamed of defeat.

For myself, I am well aware the world is not my friend, nor the world's law. I expect not, nor desire its favour. I never forgave offences of this kind; *my own sex* in particular, *is inexorable; for never did female kindness shed a tear of genuine commiseration on misfortunes like mine.* The insolent familiarity of some, and the cautious reserve of others—the affected concern—the self-approving condolence; these sufficiently teach me what is the friendship of women:—But I have no anxiety on this account; the remainder of my days I give to solitude; and if Heaven will hear my most ardent prayer—if my presaging heart and declining health do not deceive me, this remainder will not be long! Sister angels shall with joy receive me in their happy choirs, though my too virtuous sisters of this world avoid my company as contagious.

In the mean time, never shall the returning sun gild the roof of my humble cottage, but I will drop a tear of deep repentance to the fatal indiscretion that robbed me of my peace, and plunged a whole family into misery; and when the hour of my delivery comes, if an offended parent will take me in his arms and pronounce me forgiven, my heart will again be sensible of comfort, and joy shall again sparkle in the eyes of

ELIZA.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

GLANCES AT LIFE.

No. 1.

THAT industry is a virtue highly commendable, and when united with prudence, productive of the happiest consequence, is an axiom, the truth of which, no one will call in question. It is said of Dr. Franklin, that he was ever an œconomist, in order that he might be a philanthropist. With such an object in view, what will be counted a deprivation? The man who debars himself of superfluities, in order that he may the better afford his mite toward the alleviation of the distresses of his fellow creatures, meets a rich reward in the consciousness of having done a good action, and in the approbation of society.

Some there are, however, who practise the most miserly œconomy, in order that they may shine abroad, or give sumptuous entertainments at home. The family is scarcely allowed necessaries, that its master or its mistress may indulge themselves in their unjustifiable caprices. I will endeavour to illustrate my subject by example.

MIRA has been married about eight years; during which time she has ruled the concerns of her family in a manner peculiar to herself. Her husband has too often experienced the *folly* of contradiction, to venture, at this time, the most remote opinion respecting his household concerns. Formerly he thought it *advisable* that his family should live like other people; that is, have their comfortable three meals a day. But, poor man! he was soon *feelingly alive* to the *fallacy* of his calculation. His consort, (excellent woman!) enforces by *arguments*, against which a peaceable man would hardly wish to contend, the necessity of depriving her family of the comforts of life, in order that she may meet the heavy expences attending her leves—and the adornment of her own person. The conduct of Mira will meet the censure of every considerate mind. Much more so that of a *man* who grudgingly allows his family the mere necessities of life, without seeming to partake of a spark of happiness in their society. That such men may be found, will not be doubted.

AVARICUS has acquired a property which in the hands of a good man, would be productive of the greatest benefit to his friends, and to the community. Avaricus, with all his wealth, possesses not one spark of sensibility. The orphan may raise its voice in supplication—but Avaricus hears him not. The widow may tell him her tale of sorrow—a tale, that would beguil the soul of sensibility of Pity's richest tear; but Avaricus is silent. Sixty winters has he walked this earth without affording from his hoards, the smallest comfort to any one.—Who will envy Avaricus his riches, accompanied with his unfeeling mind?

E.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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Extract from
An eminent Author, by Julia.

I ALWAYS love to convince myself that there are a most civilized set to be found amongst the English, though I have raised a pique with many obstinate people, who deemed me a credulous partialist.—That English credulity is too often imposed on, I readily grant; and, alas! English humanity shares the same fate: but adulation, which is the essence of French civility, certainly loses its flavor on an English palate, if under that peculiar head you consider the rough, honest welcome of the stranger who is indebted to our labour, our liberality, and our compassion.

From the same Author.

WHAT an aspiring offspring is emulation! how alluring her form even to the meanest capacity; the prince and the peasant are her equal votaries in their different sphere, and every creature is striving to outvie in some perfection, to court her smile, and gain the envied palm her towering hand bestows; but do they always reach it?—Alas! no—the partial deity fetters every captive in her train, and proportions her favours only to the happy few some partialist shall recommend.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Lines by Immanuel.

When love's auspicious hours preside,
We own a mitigated sway;
While rapt in sweet oblivion, glide
The pleasures of the fleeting day.
The Heavenly task each sense employs,
And hope and fond remembrance cease—
Shall rapture muse o'er faded joys?
Can hope a boundless bliss encrease?

When adverse fate begins to low'r,
And absence wrings the bleeding heart,
Then memory reigns with tyrant pow'r
Then hope deluded, points the dart.
The stolen glance—the troubled tone—
The sudden blush— the stifled sigh—
Glowing with beauties scarce their own,
Pourtray'd in Memory's tablets lie.

The wayward word—the taunt unkind,
While yet existing scarcely noted,
In giant shape now haunt the mind,
To fruitless penitence devoted.
Then every hope, whose smiling mein
Bedeck'd by love was wont to chear—
Departing, leaves life's future scene
A Desert, desolate! and drear!

To the editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

Sir,

I am by trade a carpenter—am in pretty good circumstance; and earn enough to live comfortable, and save a little besides. My wife and I have been joined together seven years, come next July; and she has, heretofore, been a very good, clever sort of a woman; and I dont believe that one couple in a thousand have lived an equal number of years in better understanding with one another. But times are quite altered—and I am now as unhappy, as I was happy formerly.

Some how or other my wife has got it into her head that "the gods have made her poetical," as the old woman says in the play; and whenever I come home she is continually boring me with what she calls a poem, a sonnet, or some such stuff. Household affairs are neglected; and the only servant I hire has her own way. In short nothing is done as it should be. If I ask her a question, she answers me in rhyme. Even our children (for you must know that we have three as fine boys as any in New-York) are beginning to talk in verse. The other day she borrowed a diamond of a neighbouring glazier, and when I came home to dinner, every pane of glass in our best parlour was so scribled over with verses that I shall be obliged to get new panes put in their places.

That you, Mr. Editor, have got no taste, (though she reads your paper constantly) my wife is quite positive; for she sent some verses to be put in your miscellany, and not the least notice was taken of them. In short, my most sensible neighbours smile at her conduct. If I express my dislike, (as I often do) or attempt to reason her out of her folly, she calls me a Barbarian, a Goth, a Turk, and other such outlandish names; and, positively, I am quite unable to bear the load of poetry that is heaped upon me every day. And I hereby inform my poetical wife, that unless she gives up the trade of making verses, I may be tempted—indeed I know not what I may be tempted to.

If you will be so good as to put this in your paper,

I shall ever remain your
much obliged, and humble
servant,
Thomas Nopoet.

P. S. I hope you'll excuse the writing, for the pen is a tool I am not much used to handling.

In a mixed company, a gentleman tho't proper to make some remarks to the lady next him, (who happened to be drinking toast and water) as to induce the affronted damsel to take out the toast, and throw it in his face. He very cooly took it up, and threw it in the face of the person on the other side of him, desiring that Miss ——'s *toast might go round.*

For the Lady's Miscellany.

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

"Where'er I go, whatever realms to see,
"My heart untravell'd, still will turn to thee."

Those blissful days are now no more
When I on Albion's happy shore,
Did spend my time so sweet, so gay,
My bliss increasing every day.

Then friendship heightened every joy,
Would banish care, and grief destroy;
And now, alas! I vainly mourn,
Those blissful days can ne'er return.

When I the hours, with my friend,
Did in improving converse, spend;
Whose genius rare, and judgment clear,
Would well attain a higher sphere.

Tho' we may never meet again,
Thy image I shall e'er retain;
And whilst thy virtues I commend,
My heart with rapture, calls thee friend.

Tho' months and years may pass away,
My friendship will feel no decay;
Tho' we by Neptune's wide domain,
Are parted far, my heart's the same.

Washington City. Jane C"k"g.

SELECTIONS.

A young lady troubled with the spleen, told me of a most terrible ghost which she had seen in her bed-room. "Are you sure you were awake?"—'What a question! both my eyes were wide open.'—'Had you the courage to look at it?'—'Oh, no: I hid my face under the bed cloaths all the time it was in the room.' 'I was obliged,' adds the author, 'in good manners, to believe that the lady had *seen* what she, by her own account, never *looked at.*'

When Milton was blind, he married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham called her a rose. "I am no judge of colours," replied Milton, "but it may be so, for I feel the *thorns* daily."

Voltaire said of an apothecary, that his employment was to pour drugs, of which *he knew little*, into a body, of which he *knew less.*

SATURDAY, APRIL 4.

To note the passing tidings of the times.

Our patrons, in towns and villages where we are without an agent, are respectfully requested to comply with our terms of subscription. Many of them will probably have friends visiting New-York at this season, on whose goodness they might tresspass to bear us the trifle due.

The season, which has been so cold in this country—has been unusually mild and open in Europe, so much so, that in England, in January, not only primroses, but wall flowers, were in bloom; and at Orsington, there was a field of peas, partly in full bloomed pods, and partly in full bloom.—In this part of America, we have not had a comfortably warm day, for upwards of three months; and the earth was never more deeply frozen than at this moment. *Eve. Post.*

A letter from Richmond mentions, that Col. Burr had just arrived there for trial.

We observe by the daily prints that a number of vessels were cast away in the late gale.

A lady at the West end of the town, has carried her prudery so far that she will not permit the works of *male* and *female* authors to range in the same library together. *Lon. pap.*

Deaths in this city during the last week, Men 16, Women 12, Boys 5, Girls 16—total 49.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Our correspondents will please to accept our thanks for their favours of this week. The sentiments of Malvina, are the effusions of a mind suitably impressed with weighty considerations. She will ever claim our earliest attention.

We have received one or two pieces of a political nature—to publish them, would be to outstep the limits we have prescribed ourselves.

We *sympathize* with our friend Thomas Nopoet, and wish a speedy reformation in his family.

MARRIED,

On Thursday the 26th March, by the rev J. M'Knight, capt. Jeremiah Preble Jackson, to Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Comfort.

Thursday evening by the rev. Dr. Kelly, Mr. Andrew Dupoe, to Miss Mary Ann Malenbry, both of this city.

On Saturday evening, the 21st of March, by the rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. Joseph F. Dequerre, to Miss Eliza Haviland, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Charles Taylor, to Miss Eliza Bird, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. Isaac Demilt, to Miss Mary Downie, both of this city.

At Springfield, (Ver.) by the rev. Dr. Smilie, John Stark Edwards, Esq. of Warren (New Connecticut) to Miss Louisa Maria Morris, daughter of Gen. Lewis R. Morris, of the former place.

At Philadelphia, on the 24th inst. by the rev. Dr. Green, Mr. James Brisban, bookseller, of this city, to Miss Lucy Maria Stephens, of Philadelphia.

DIED,

After a lingering illness, of more than seven years, which he bore with a christian fortitude, Mr. Richard Norwood, aged 70 years.

On Sunday evening, Mr. John M'Koy, aged 50 years.

Just received,

AND for sale, genuine, at the Cullenian Medicine Store, No. 98 Cherry street, near New slip, New York, a fresh supply of the following approved Patent medicines, viz.

PECTORAL BALSAM OF HONEY.

INVENTED by the late Sir John Hill, for the cure of Coughs, Consumptions, Asthma's, Hoarseness, Defluctions, Catarrhs, and all Phthisickl complaints, difficulty of breathing, and a tough morning phlegm, it is the greatest of all preservers of the lungs, possessing the virtues of Honey and the richest Balsams, and never disagrees with the stomach.

CIRCASSIAN LOTION,

FOR THE SKIN.

Only fifty cents per Bottle.

A Sovereign Remedy for surfeits, scorching from the heat of the sun, freckles, blights from cold and chills of winter, scorbutic pimples, or eruptions of the face and skin, however violent or disfigured.

Whitehead's essence of Mustard, a safe and effectual remedy for the cure of rheumatisms, gout, lumbago, palsy, sprains, bruises, chilblains, numbness, &c. This celebrated essence has in all probability cured more persons afflicted with those complaints, than all the medicines ever before made public. Price one dollar.

Ching a celebrated worm-destroying Lozenges.

Shaw's sovereign ointment for the Itch, price three quarters of a dollar.

Harvey's Antivenerial pills—price 8s.

Pelno a billious pills. 4s.

Anderson's do. do. 2s.

Hooper's female do. 2s.

British Oil. 2s.—Harlem do. 2s.

Bateman's drops. 2s.

Turlington's balsam of life. 2s. 6d. and 4s.

Goldbold's Vegetable Balsam 7 dollars per bottle.

Godfrey's cordial. 1s. 6d.

James' powders. 5s.—8s.

Stoughton's Elixir. 1s. 6d.—5s.

Steer's chemical Opodeldoc. 4s.

Essence peppermint. 4s—2s.

Essence Spruce. 3s.

A liberal discount allowed to those who purchase by the dozen or grose. April 4.

SCHOOL.

MRS. HEARNE returns her sincere thanks to her former friends and employers, who have hitherto honored her with the tuition of their children, and respectfully informs them and the public in general, that she intends removing her seminary on the first of May next from No. 33, to 187 Bowery Lane, nearly opposite Dr. Church's Dispensary, having taken a convenient, neat, and commodious house for that purpose, in a pleasant, healthy, and airy situation, where she will continue to instruct youth in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Embroidery, and the various branches of Needle work, &c. She flatters herself, that from the assiduous pains, and strict attention she is determined to pay to the morals, manners, and erudition of her pupils, to merit a continuance of the favors of her friends, and a share of public patronage.

N. B. Mrs. Hearne wishes to intimate that she will be able to accommodate conveniently, from 12 to 15 young ladies to board and educate, if application be made within six weeks from this date.

March 10.

NEW PATENT FLAGELET,

PATRONIZED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY,

AND

The nobility of Great Britian.

This instrument being held in such high estimation in England among ladies of the first rank, has induced the Manufacturer to introduce it into the United States of America, where it has met with general approbation among ladies of the first circle. The sweetness and brilliancy of tone which it possesses, renders it superior to any ever made, and the fingering being so easy that ladies and gentlemen not knowing music, may in a few weeks acquire a proficiency. To be had only of John Butler, manufacturer and teacher, at Messrs. Paff's, City Hotel, Broadway. Jan. 17.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

Two or three *Taylaresses regularly bred to the trade. Also, two or three female apprentices to the above business. Inquire at 214 Greenwich street.* March 21.

CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete, warranted tight, by ALFORD & MARVIN, No. 15, Catharine-street, near the Watch house

MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR. JACKSON. respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house No. 92, Greenwich street, at the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter.

Ladies and gentlemen attended at their own houses as usual. Dec 27.

From the Col. Centinel.

The Follies of *Fashion*, are pretty well hit off in the following.

TO KITTY.

At the Court of OLYMPUS, assembled by PRIDE
Th' Gods pass'd a decree, that FASHION preside:
But, zealous their votaries on earth to befriend,
Requested that FASHION to earth would descend:
As they knew, with her air and demeanor divine,
Each *Belle* and each *Beau* would fall down at her shrine.

She descended—and earth gave the Goddess applause,
While REASON and SENSE stood abash'd at the cause.
To *Barbers* and *Tailors* th' Inchantress soon hied,
And the wants of our *Tippees* profusely supplied:
While the *wielders* of *needles* and *curl-tongs* let loose,
Hail FASHION, support of the *comb* and the *goose!*

Lo from SMALLPEACE,* now issues a *thing* with a *crop*,
('Twould offend the dear creature to call it a *fop*)
With a *pyramid foretop*, sweet-scented with *paste*,
That rises superb from the '*Fountain of Taste*!'
And FASHION, who rules in the mind of each *Beau*,
Whispers, "ANN will be charm'd with your HEAD, *tippee* JOE!"

To the *needle's* great AJAX he struttingly goes,
And is fitted with *breastee* and *bag-tail small cloaths*:
With a *coat* that is made of such wonderful form,
That the cape of itself shields the back from the storm.
While his *shirt-collar* rises high over his ears,
And his *pillow-like poultice* dispels his *cold* fears!

Of the Belles, but then 'twould be deem'd *unpolite*,
As to *you* charming KITTY! I sit down to write,
To state how *Miss* FASHION her *tricks* has display'd,
And put *all agog* the *chaste dress* of each maid!
In short—after being the cause of much *sport*,
FASHION laugh'd at her *dupes*, and return'd to her Court!

ANNA.

* *The Bostonian Huggins.*

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

SONG.

Fair ORRA was the sweetest maid,
She blush'd like opening morn,
Her speaking eyes were like the dews
That deck the spangled thorn.
At every tale of sorrow told,
With tears fair Orra sigh'd.
And yet, a prey to tyrant pow'r,
Poor Orra *wept* and *died*.

I lov'd her with a flame sincere,
Which time could ne'er decay,
Her parents to a distant land
Bore Orra far away.
She watch'd each white sail on the wave,
No hope she there descry'd,
But sinking on the barren sand,
Poor Orra *wept*, and *died*.

THE BIRTH OF A BLUSH.

WHEN o'er the pure and blissful earth
Vice first her baneful influence shed;
And gave those latent poisons birth
That thro' life's sweets infection spread;

Bereft of home, her form to screen,
Meek Modesty deserted stray'd;
Unnoticed and unknown when seen,
Pensive she droop'd her beauteous head.

For *Affectation*, child of *Guile*,
Usurped the virgin's small domain;
Assum'd her air, her artless smile,
And undisputed held her reign.

Then Heaven benign bestowed her aid,
The fiends increasing power to crush;
Bore to the light the feeble maid,
And mark'd her presence with a—blush.

The Contrast.

The *Jews*, as we in Sacred Writ are told,
To *buy* a god gave Aaron all their gold;
But *Christians* now, times are so monstrous odd,
To heap up gold, will even *sell* their GOD.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Happy the love that meets return,
When in soft flames souls equal burn;
But words are wanting to discover,
The torments of a hopeless lover.

Ye registers of heaven relate,
When turning o'er the book of fate,
Did you there see me mark'd for woe,
No kind return of love to know?

Ah, yes! Elvira's heavenly fair!
Her love the gods above must share.
While I without en'e hope behold her,
And at a distance due, adore her.

Oh, lovely maid! my bliss is fled,
And when death lays my wretched head,
When you my grave perchance shall see,
Shed one soft tear, and think of me.

EDWIN.

PENN, the celebrated founder and legislator of the colony of Pennsylvania, had both great and amiable qualities, and was no stranger to the essentials of good-breeding, though he was too stubborn to yield to the forms of it. He had, or affected to have, all the spirit of the hat, which availed him much as the leader of a people who made it a part of their religion. We are credibly informed, that he sat with his hat on, before Charles II. and the king, as a gentle rebuke for his ill manners, put off his own. Upon which Penn said to him, "Friend Charles, why dost thou not keep on thy hat?" The king answered, 'It is the custom of this place that never above *one* person should be covered at a time.'

KING CHARLES II. on a certain time paying a visit to Dr. Busby, the doctor is said to have strutted through the school with his hat upon his head, while his Majesty walked complaisantly behind him, with his hat under his arm; but when he was taking his leave at the door, the doctor, with great humility, thus addressed the king: "I hope your Majesty will excuse my want of respect hitherto; but if my boys were to imagine there was a greater man in the kingdom than myself, I should never be able to rule them."

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